

# THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

"VISITING EVERY FLOWER WITH LABOUR MEET,  
AND GATHERING ALL ITS TREASURES, SWEET BY SWEET."

VOL. 1.....NEW SERIES.]

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1812.

[NO. 34.]

## WINTER. A COMPLAINT.

"Tis done; dread Winter spreads its latest gloom,  
And reigns tremendous o'er the conquer'd year."

I WAS silently contemplating the noble spectacle of blooming nature; I was proudly gazing on that sublime picture, in which every stroke of divine might, presented to my heart a token of divine love;—when, behold! issuing from the icy womb of eternal snows and storms, sad and sullen, tremendous winter comes. At his dreaded approach, the earth only a little while ago arrayed in the magnificent and rich dress of vegetative life, now ragged and desolated, presents but misery and wretchedness; whilst the god of light, the sun, her sweet lover, as if mourning for his beloved's fate, and unwilling to witness her ruin, veils his resplendent orb in dismal mists, and reluctantly yields the conquered day to the cheerless gloom of a long and dreary night.

In vain has sweet nature assumed the mild and supplicating looks of interesting autumn. In vain has she wept in tears of dews, in vain has she sighed in breath of zephyrs: neither her tears nor her sighs could assuage the desolating wrath of the hoary tyrant; he reigns tremendous. At the howling sound of his terrific voice, the silvery stream, as if panic struck, stops his benevolent course; the thrilling cascade checks her wanton sports, and the timorous bird ends his lively song: beneath the grasp of his deadly touch, the lovely shade forsakes the stripped bower, the dried foliage drops from the blasted tree, and the flowery verdure dies on the congealed earth; and thus, naked and defenceless, is poor Nature abandoned to the violating insults of his boisterous winds and lawless blasts.

Oh, gentle Nature! Oh, Nature, my only mother! whose generous bounty has supplied my wants with the riches of thy fields, with the fruit of thy trees: whose soft murmuring waters, whose sweet whispering breezes, have so often lulled my mind and my body to rest, when forlorn and weary, I either melancholy sat by the banks of thy rivulets, or pensively wandered beneath the shades of thy lonely groves. Oh, desolated Nature! receive the homage of my filial gratitude in the tear of sympathy and sorrow, which I now humbly drop on thy faded and withered bosom. And woe to man! if he could trample with a thoughtless step, or cast an unfeeling look on the surrounding and majestic wreck of thy former glory!—for it is he, O sweet Nature! it is he, whose impious hand, more cruel than winter's bitter frosts, or summer's scorching heats, first scattered over the blossoms of thy virgin youth the gloomy horrors and the pestilential seeds of untimely devastation and premature death.

No: the earth on which we tread, has not always been strewn with brambles and thorns; nor the sky that overhangs our heads, overcast and gloomy. As long as man did not sully the divine breath that first animated his life, nature respected in him the sacred image of the Almighty, who had modelled his forms

even in his own likeness. The earth charmed and ennobled by his presence, offered to him, as a tribute due to his innocence, a dwelling every where enamelled with an ever-glowing, an ever-annexed luxuriance, every where enlivened by the ineffable and pure light of endless joy and uncorrupted happiness. But when man forgot the benevolent hand by which, from an ignoble dust, he was elevated to the dignified rank of a feeling and thinking being; when in the madness of his guilty pride, he aspired even to the sway of the universe, that one act of his disobedience and ingratitude, in an instant disordered and confused the whole of the heavenly-wrought fabric of animated nature, which had, during six days, occupied the councils of the Almighty: the earth became desolated, rent, and convulsed; it burst forth in volcanic eruptions, in overwhelming floods; the ocean that surrounded it swelled and foamed in tempestuous rage, whilst heaven shook with thunder and flashed with the angry lightning. Thus has man stamped every object with the horror of his original guilt; thus his ingratitude and disobedience have dictated to the Almighty's wrath the irrecoverable doom which has blasted nature and himself: now, an outcast in the very empire which had been given to him as the noblest appendage to his earthly grandeur, he sees the vilest insect mock his fallen power, and the impure worm riot on his putrified flesh; he cannot move a step, without treading on some scattered remain of the noble and sublime throne, on which in the state of his innocence, he gloriously sat on earth, the unspotted image and the approved envoy of the God of heaven.

How impressively grand is the gloomy horror spread on a wintry scene! "How it exalts the soul to solemn thought!" How awfully does the majesty of God display itself, when wrapped in broken masses of black threatening clouds, hovering on the scattered ruins of frozen worlds! How wonderfully great must that power be, who, with equal ease, leads on the gentle zephyr, and whirls around the raging storm! who, with the same hand by which he directs the obedient stream to its flowery bed, can crush and break, even on a grain of sand, the accumulated waves of the angry sea! Oh, self-murderer! how canst thou be so daringly impious, as to rise in open rebellion against thy creator, when Nature lays prostrate beneath the wrath of his avenging hand! How darest thou throw off the yoke of his absolute and redoubtable power, when the universe bends under it in respectful and submissive awe! Oh, deluded wretch! in order to justify and palliate the rashness of thy iniquitous deed, plead neither winds, nor blasts, nor glooms: the storm that involves thee in an untimely and ignominious ruin, arises but from the baseness and corruption of thy heart. From that soil, infectious and poisonous, are exhaled those pestilential vapours, that darken thy understanding and disorder thy reason; thence, and thence only springs up that evil spirit which arms thy hand with a murderous dagger, and stains it with thy own blood.

If winter exalts the soul to solemn thought

so it awakens the heart to every generous sensibility, to every social feeling. Alas! when ragged poverty is neither protected by one shade, nor cheered by one sun's ray; when the earth, neither softened by hard labour's sweat, nor moved by craving misery's tears, shuts her frozen bosom to the multiplied wants of her poor orphan children; what man, bearing the features of humanity, and stamped with the adorable character of a christian; what man, voluptuously stretched on the downy couch of affluence, and symptomously feasting at fortune's luxurious banquet, could then refuse to throw his doors, and his arms, and his heart, wide open to the plaintive cries of a naked orphan, to the supplicating tears of an helpless widow, to the fainting steps of a poor starving, shivering wretch?

Winter has no sooner spread his glooms and sounded his blasts, than by an instinct, not only natural to man, but even to the brute creation, most of the animated beings in nature are impelled to herd together, as it were, to oppose and frustrate his fury, by a kind of social compact. When nature is spread over with damps, and the sky with mists, man, bereft of those pleasing sensations which he before derived from the loveliness and beauty of exterior objects, is in some respects abandoned to himself, and in proportion as he feels his own weakness and dependence, he must become more sensible to the blessings of social institutions; he must open his heart with a warmer emotion to the cheering converse of enlightened friendship, and with a thousand-fold greater delight relish the sweets of matrimonial life. Yes, when the wintry storm rages, and scatters around desolation and ruin, let man kiss with reverential gratitude those silken bands, those honeyed chains, which link to his destiny an affectionate and lovely partner, who not only shares with him the vicissitudes of seasons, but also the still more numerous and boisterous vicissitudes of human life! Let him press thee to a bosom swelled with angelic rapture, oh, woman, sweet and dear! thou whose innocent smiles, endearing voice, fascinating looks; thou whose heart, so supremely good and so tenderly feeling, can not only add sweets to the sweetest spring, but even soften the glooms of the dreariest winter!

## SENTIMENTAL.

There is no reason why a person should be esteemed haughty, on account of his taste for fine clothes, any more than one who discovers a fondness for birds, flowers, moths, or butterflies. Imagination influence both to seek amusement in glowing colours; only the former endeavours to give them a nearer relation to himself. It appears to me, that a person may love splendor without any degree of pride; which is never connected with this taste but when a person demands homage on account of the finery he exhibits. Then it ceases to be taste, and commences mere ambition. Yet the world is not enough candid to make this essential distinction.



## JUSTINE.

(Continued from our last.)

THIS partiality, on further acquaintance, daily increased; and finding that he not only realised the favourable opinion she had already formed, and possessed a general knowledge of the arts she most admired, but was beloved and countenanced by the first families in Lyons, it is surely not to be wondered that she did not sufficiently guard her unsuspecting heart against the alluring voice of love: a passion which soon after became reciprocal. For the youth, who had frequent opportunities of conversing with this amiable young woman, no longer able to witness such intrinsic merit without feeling similar emotions of partiality, soon formed an attachment, which, to all appearance, might have insured their future happiness, had not Rosina, from a dread of displeasing her mother, (who, she suspected, might be averse to their union,) concealed the fatal flame which preyed on her vitals, and which finally induced this unfortunate pair to hurl themselves together into eternity:—an act which the heart pities, while the judgment condemns.

I cannot follow these unfortunate lovers in the various events which preceded that fatal moment; suffice it to say, Rosina's visits to her mother became more frequent; till finding that the country, and its innocent amusements, had lost their wonted charms, and that *ennui* and disgust succeeded, she requested her mother to allow her to remove to Lyons; a request which was immediately complied with by the unsuspecting parent, who seeing her darling and only child gradually declining, flattered herself that a change of scene might be of service.

The young friends, therefore, quitted their delightful abode, much to Justine's regret; who, with reluctant steps, accompanied Rosina; being fully persuaded that, from her determined secrecy, the happiness she was then pursuing would be but of short duration.

This amiable young woman, who loved her friend with the sincerest attachment, and who, from the first, had known her partiality for Servietti, no sooner saw her with her mother than she again renewed, by every persuasive and consolatory argument, her entreaties that she would unfold the secret to her tender parent; but finding her still averse, she for a time desisted.

Then, by a thousand kind and affectionate attentions, did this generous girl endeavour to close the wound, and pour the balm of comfort into the heart of her infatuated friend; hoping that, by degrees, she might be led to succeed in restoring to her mind a faint resemblance of the happy, tranquil state, they had once enjoyed:—but in vain. Rosina, rather than believe her friend, cherished the cruel flame; and, instead of seeking the advice of a tender mother, which she stood so much in need of, encouraged the consuming flame in silence, and pined in endless hope.

Justine, on finding that neither tears nor entreaties availed, determined on trying her last resource; and though a cruel and trying task she candidly confessed, that, if she still persisted in her silence, she would unavoidably break through every tie of friendship, and prefer relinquishing what she held most dear, rather than become ungrateful to her benefactress. Thus, compelled to sacrifice the confidence of friendship to the sentiments of gratitude, she instantly repaired to Rosina's mother, and not

only apprised her of her daughter's deplorable situation and partiality for Servietti, assuring her that she had used every persuasive argument to prevail on her to disclose the fatal secret, but added, that this confidence was not to be disregarded, for that she knew the attachment preyed on Rosina's mind, and might, in the sequel, prove fatal.

(To be concluded in our next.)

## FOR THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

AFTER wandering one beautiful moonlight evening, for sometime, along the banks of the river Cnidus, and being overcome with fatigue, I reclined myself under the cover of an aged oak where I shortly fell into a deep sleep, and had the following dream. I thought I saw an elegant and extensive road, ornamented on both sides with rows of trees covered with blossoms exhibiting an endless variety of colours. Along this road I beheld a multitude of men, apparently enjoying the highest degree of mirth and festivity. One of the number came from amidst the crowd, and invited me to join their happy assembly. So soft, mild and engaging were the accents of this speaker, and so strong and convincing appeared his arguments, that I was unable to resist the pleasing temptation, and accordingly, mingling with the throng, I proceeded with them in their joyous pursuit.

We had not gone far, before a magnificent and stately edifice embellished with every ornament of taste and beauty opened to my view. It was the abode of a female, whose name was *Pleasure*, and who was the sole mistress of the place. We immediately entered, and found the queen sitting upon a golden throne, encircled by a crowd of laughing Cupids. She was clad in a flowing and graceful robe, and had her temples bound with a wreath of beautiful flowers. But the beauty of her countenance far transcended the elegance of her dress. Her complexion, fair as the snow white lily, was exquisitely tempered by the glowing colour of the damask rose. And the persuasive powers of her eloquence, added an unspeakable charm to the other engaging qualities of this accomplished female. To the young and inconsiderate, her soft and insidious smiles prove an irresistible temptation; they hastily resign their hearts, and with joy acknowledge her dominion. The aged and experienced only laugh at her artifices, and studiously avoid her snares, which they know to be concealed behind her charms. In the gilded bait they see the fatal hook, and view with a mixture of disgust and horror the thorns which lurk under the blooming roses. Over the votaries of this seemingly fair and lovely female, a sword appears to their eyes suspended by a single hair, and all the deformity of her soul is perceived to sit brooding behind the painted mask, which displays its imposing colours. Adjoining her palace extended a garden, which was decorated by every beauty that nature or art could bestow. Here, flowers of the richest and most variegated hues extended their delightful fragrance, while the golden fruit profusely hung from the luxuriant boughs. The silver streams gently murmured through the verdant groves, which were filled with birds, whose music charmed the air. No sooner were we introduced into this enchanting scene, than we immediately yielded to the temptations which it presented, and enjoyed the pleasures that seemed awaiting our ap-

proach. *Pleasure!* how gay and splendid is thy empire! how many thousands resign for thee their liberty, and patiently bear thy yoke. And yet all that is foul and detestable in the universe, all that destroys the health, corrupts the heart, or debases the understanding is to be found in thee. It is thy business to infuse the baneful poison into thy votaries, which lulls their senses for a time, and then wakes the sufferers to a sense of their imprudence by its agonizing pangs. Who but thee entices men from the sober salutary walks of industry and science, into the giddy and sickening vortex of fashion and frivolity? Is it not for thee, that the young waste the most valuable portion of their lives amidst cards, dances, assemblies, and all the circles of senseless gaiety. Is it not thy hand, that conducts the thoughtless youth to the midnight haunts of intoxication and debauchery? Yes, specious queen, this is thy occupation, this thy delight. How many millions hast thou seen, and will see bending before thy shrine, tasting for a few hours the sweetness of thy draughts, and then swept away by the blast of disease into the gulph of oblivion.

While in the midst of our enjoyments in the garden, we suddenly received orders to depart. A gate was shewn through which we were compelled to pass. To our unspeakable surprise and terror, a barren and frightful heath now opened to our view. The clouds began to gather, and shortly obscured the face of heaven. The lightnings flashed, the thunders rolled, and the tempest howled around the affrighted multitude. Five ghastly and terrific fiends were the inhabitants of these inhospitable plains. In one quarter appeared *Distaste*, overwhelmed with lassitude, and distracted with fretfulness and pain. Not far from him lay *Remorse* with a thousand greedy vultures tugging at his heart. Then came *Want* whose pale and emaciated countenance indicated his deep distress, closely behind whom was seen *Disease*, reclining his aching head upon his arm, and writhing under the lashes, to which he was subjected. At last appeared *Death*, armed with a thousand fatal arrows. At the sight of this dreadful fiend confused shrieks of horror and despair were heard among the crowd, when I startled from my sleep.

P. L.

## FROM THE GLEANER.

OF all the stages of life, that of youth—that blest period when the passions allure to pleasure—when every object is painted to the imagination in the vivid tints of joy, before reason has so far assumed her empire as to convince us that the pleasures which court our pursuit are momentary or illusive, or experience has stamped the mortifying conviction that a thorn lurks with its poisonous dart beneath each flower—that is the happy period designated by all as the most delightful of life. The blood flows rapid and warm thro' the heart. Every lad, to the softer sex, is an Adonis.—Every pretty girl appears to the youth a Helen or a Venus.

But even that period is not free from its troubles. Every cup of pleasure is dashed with a portion of alloy. Nanette sighs, because Amelia has a blacker eye or a finer dimple. Olivia, although her shape is most beautiful, pines in secret because the face of Ardelia is thought handsomer. And even the sensible—the amiable—the accomplished



Charlotte, cannot conceal her chargin because Mary has a smaller foot and a finer turned ankle, "Ah! what a piece of work is" woman! Still dear, froward—unaccountable creatures, *I like ye*. I delight in all your joys—I sympathise in all your sorrows.—Permit then, an old fellow to tell you frankly, that you are not so perfect but that attention to a little good advice may improve you.

Never swear.—Profane language from your lovely lips seems thrice impious. I am sorry that posterity, who will read my writings, a hundred generations hence, should know the fact.—The fault is not mine.

Never read a book in private which you would blush to have your father find you perusing.

Check the first approach of licentious conduct or discourse; and awe, by the irresistible influence of femal virtue, the man into silence, who dares profane your ear with a double entendre or an indelicate allusion.

If a man of worth, but diffident, be in company, pay not all your attention to the forward coxcomb, although he may obtrude himself upon you, but complacently smile and encourage the confidence of the modest and unassuming.

Read your bibles, girls—read your bibles. If at first as a duty it will soon become a pleasure. Men of sense will love you better—and even the knave and fool will respect you the more.

If a young man visits you, evening after evening—plugging and pestering you with his company, and gives you no opportunity to tell him his visits are not acceptable—I'm sure you all wonder how you are to relieve yourselves from so unpleasant a dilemma. I confess girls, I hardly know—I have it. Ask them if they have read the last number of *Old Robert*; if not, hand them the Gleaner, and ten to one but they will take the hint.

*From the desk of poor Robert the Scribe.*

#### POPULAR TALENTS.

A man, who is gifted with these lucky talents, is armed with hands, as is a ship with grappling irons, ready to catch hold of, and make himself fast to every thing he comes in contact with; and such a man, with all these properties of adhesion, has also the property, like a polypus, of a most miraculous and convenient indivisibility; cut off his hold, nay, cut him how you will, he is still a polypus, whole and entire. Men of this sort shall work their way out of their obscurity like cockroaches out of the hold of a ship, and crawl into notice, nay even into king's palaces, as the frogs did into Pharaoh's: the happy faculty of noting times and seasons, and a lucky promptitude to avail themselves of moments with address and boldness, are alone such all sufficient requisites, such marketable stores of wordly knowledge, that although the minds of those, who own them, shall be, as to all the liberal sciences, a *rasa tabula*, yet knowing these things needful to be known, let their difficulties and distresses be what they may, though the storm of adversity threatens to overwhelm them, they are in a life-boat, buoyed up by corks, and cannot sink.—These are the stray children, turned loose upon the world, whom fortune in charity takes charge of, and for whose guidance in the bye-ways and cross-roads of their pilgrimage she sets up fairy finger-posts, discoverable by them, whose eyes are near the ground, but unperceived by such, whose looks are raised above it.

*All crimes are safe, but hated poverty."*

#### A FRAGMENT.

—"Yes, poverty, thou art horrible!—in whatever colours poets may paint thee, Thou art most horrible.—Thou art cold as the grave—the winter winds whistle about thee—icicles hang from thy shaggy hair, and the cold snows beat upon thy naked bosom. Thou hast neither a hut to shelter thee—nor fire to warm thee—nor clothes to cover thee—nor food to satisfy thy craving appetite.—Thou hast no friends—the eye of pity is never turned on thee—nor the tear of sympathy excited by thy sufferings.—Thou art an outcast from the world—thou art hated and persecuted by all—thou art despised and deserted by the whole human race. What dost thou then in this world? Is there any hope for thee? Art thou not wretched beyond conception—and dost thou still cling to the hillock of earth? Go, hide thyself in the grave—there thine enemies cannot hurt thee, nor the insolence of prosperity reach thee—there shalt thou rest in peace—the cold clod shall press lightly on thy breast, and thy manifold sufferings be remembered no more.—There shalt thou feel neither cold nor hunger—the winter winds shall whistle unheeded, and the rude storm shall beat harmless on the sod which covers thee.—Yes, thanks to heaven! there is one consolation left me, and this will I cherish—it will support me a little longer—I will go, and for a moment forget that I was miserable.

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MAXIM.

What pleasure it is to pay ones debts! I remember to have heard Sir T. Lyttleton make the same observation. It seems to flow from a combination of circumstances, each of which is productive of pleasure. In the first place, it removes that uneasiness, which a true spirit feels from dependence and obligation. It affords pleasure to the creditor, and therefore gratifies our social affection: it promotes that future confidence, which is so very interesting to an honest mind: it opens a prospect of being readily supplied with what we want on future occasions: it leaves a consciousness of our own virtue: and it is a measure we know to be right, both in point of justice and of sound economy. Finally, it is a main support of simple reputation.

### Weekly Museum.

NEW-YORK:

SATURDAY, DECEMBER, 26 1812.

#### WEEKLY RETROSPECT.

By the cartel ship George Washington, arrived at Philadelphia from Liverpool, papers have been received to the 29th October. The Prince Regent has issued a proclamation, in which he declares, that all Sailors found on board American vessels, fighting against their native country, or giving aid or comfort to their enemies, shall be considered Traitors, and liable to suffer the pains of death.

The late elections to the New Parliament will give an increased majority to the ministry in their hostile measures against the United States.

As some apprehensions in Russia were entertained for the safety of the Russian fleet, preparations were making at Portsmouth for its reception, by request of the Emperor.

Fifty thousand stand of arms from England had arrived at St. Petersburg, a large additional supply was on its way there, and 80,000 more were ordered.

The Russian prince Bragation, died of the wounds he received in the battle of Moskwa.

The Emperor's manifesto, says a London paper, has had a magic influence on all classes—every one takes up their arms and marches off voluntarily, and such now is the situation of Bonaparte in the heart of Russia, as to be surrounded on all sides by large Russian armies, yet still preparations are making to meet the worst. Should Napoleon get to St. Petersburg it seems the determination of the Russians to deliver it as they did Moscow.

The latest accounts from England say, "We wait with anxiety for the next accounts from Russia and France. The expectation of an immediate battle was general in the Russian army when the last accounts came away.

By the schr. Dick, arrived at this port in 42 days from Bourdeaux, we hear that Mr. Barlow, our minister, had left Paris for Wilna, where he expected to meet Bonaparte.

A Letter dated Bordeaux Oct. 29, says, "There is a bright prospect of a good understanding between this country and the United States being accomplished."

A conspiracy has been discovered at Paris, and three French Generals arrested, for propagating among the National Guards, a report of the death of Bonaparte. It is said Madame Moreau, was on this occasion confined to her lodgings.

The Algerines, we are sorry to state, has taken an American brig and ship without the straits.

A number of British merchant ships loaded with Russian goods, have been stranded and lost in the Baltic, near the isle of Rugen.

The British brig Plumper, with 36,000l. sterling, bound from Halifax to St. Johns, is lost in the bay of Fundy, and only 11 out of 100 souls saved.

The British armed schr. Cuttle, in chasing a New-York privateer in the West-Indies, was struck by a flaw of wind, when she went down, and all perished.

Accounts from Kentucky state, that part of General Hopkins' army had been defeated near the Prophets-town, with the loss of 17 killed.

By information from St. Louis (Mississippi Territory) it is stated that Gov. Edwards and Col. Russel had returned from a successful expedition against the Kickapoo villages. That the army had burned several villages; destroyed great quantities of corn, skins, &c. and killed between 30 and 40 Indians.

As the armies on the lakes have gone into winter quarters, there appears nothing new from that quarter, except a rumour about a duel between Gen. Smyth and Gen. Peter B. Porter. It is said they exchanged shots without effect, and that the latter made an apology.

The Assembly of Georgia have passed a law to prevent the collection of Debts during the War!

The ship Bedford, capt Toby, from Alexandria, for Lisbon, is lost. On the 19th inst. she parted both cables and went ashore in Lynnhaven bay, and bilged—her cargo was owned in this town, and consisted of 3000 bbls. of Flour and 19,000 bushels of Wheat—part of the Flour will be saved—Ship owned at N Bedford.

### Nuptial.

#### MARRIED.

By the Rev. Dr. Romeyn, Dr. John Gamage, to Mrs. Mary Wilkins, daughter of George Stanton and widow of the late John Wilkins, merchant of this city.

By the Rev. Mr. Burke, Gilbert Ogden Fowler, to Miss Rachel Ann Walker.

At West-Chester, by the Rev. Mr. Wilkins, capt. W. M. Bowne, to Miss Ann Ferris, daughter of Benjamin Ferris, Esq.

### Obituary.

#### DIED.

On Tuesday last, in Orange county, in the 76th year of his age, General JAMES CLINTON, an officer of great merit in the revolutionary war.

In this city, Mr. William Barry, aged 76.

At Trenton, Mr. Peter Howell, aged 67.

At Black-Rock, on 7th inst. Alexander Sisson, Lieut. in the U. S. Navy, in the 27th year of his age.

In the U. S. Hospital at Buffalo, from 28th Oct. to 15th Nov. 231 deaths.

Deaths in this city, from the 5th to the 12th Dec ....43.



## Seat of the Muses.

## WINTER.

THE mead has lost its green-plush suit,  
And shines in dazzling white ;  
The woods wild-choristers are mute,  
No more the blithsome shepherd's flute  
Salutes the ear of night.

The silver streams, which gurgling play'd,  
In many a mazy round,  
When Flora's gems the meads array'd,  
Within their pebbly beds are laid,  
In icy fetters bound.

The gold hair'd monarch of the day  
Now runs a shorter race,  
And scarce the chrystal from the spray,  
Or from the trees their coats of grey,  
His noon-tide beams can chase.

The peasant blows his aching nails,  
His ruddy face turns blue ;  
And whilst the milk-maid fills her pails,  
The bitter breeze her nose assails,  
And gives a cherry hue.

Long icy-gems adorn the thatch,  
In many a glittering row,  
The grey hoar hangs upon the latch,  
While through the rude unskilful patch,  
The ruffian winds do blow.

The floods a glittering crust encase,  
And many a youth is seen  
Swift-gliding o'er the slippery space ;  
And quaint devices oft they trace,  
Upon the glassy scene.

Now on the hospitable hearth  
The cheering faggots blaze,  
And many a jocund jest has birth  
Midst Christmas-ale and rural mirth,  
In harmony and ease.

Oh friendship ! here thou lov'st to dwell,  
Remote from scenes of strife ;  
The straw-roof'd cot—the silent dell—  
The sun-burnt swain—thou lov'st full well,  
The charms of rural life.

## HOPE.

CEASE my heart, Oh ! cease bewailing,  
Let not grief corrode my breast ;  
All my cares to heaven resigning,  
Be my sorrows hush'd to rest.

See yon morning star that rises,  
Leading to the orb of day ;  
So my bosom recognises,  
Hope's serene effulgent ray.

Come sweet HOPE, the mourner's treasure,  
Haste, return celestial guest ;  
Illume again with heavenly pleasure,  
A bosom long with grief oppress.

So when life's last flame closes,  
And its brightest scenes decay ;  
Hope's fair hand shall scatter roses,  
O'er my path to realms of day.

## VERSES,

WRITTEN IN A COMPANY WHERE DETRACTION  
ENGROSS'D THE CONVERSATION.

SWEET to the scent's the smiling briar,  
Yet touch'd, it gives us pain ;  
The streamlet we so much admire,  
Is oft distain'd with rain.

No mortal ever yet was made  
From imperfection free ;  
Angels themselves have some small shade ;  
Heav'n wills it thus shall be.

Mercy to others failings show,  
If you would be forgiv'n ;  
The best man's lot, alas ! were woe,  
Were mercy not in Heav'n.

## Morality.

## MODESTY

AN ORNAMENT AND A GUARD TO VIRTUE.

MODESTY is not only an ornament, but also a guard to virtue. It is a kind of quick and delicate feeling in the soul, which makes her shrink and withdraw herself from every thing that has danger in it. It is such an exquisite sensibility, as warns her to shun the first appearance of every thing which is hurtful.

I cannot at present recollect either the place or time of what I am going to mention ; but, I have read somewhere in the history of ancient Greece, that the women of the country were seized with an unaccountable melancholy, which disposed several of them to make away with themselves. The Senate, after having tried many expedients to prevent this self-murder, which was so frequent among them, published an edict, that if any woman whomsoever should lay violent hands upon herself, her corps should be exposed naked in the street, and dragged about the city in the most public manner. This edict immediately put a stop to the practice which was before so common. We may see in this instance the strength of female modesty, which was able to overcome the violence even of madness and despair : The fear of shame, in the fair sex, was, in those days, more prevalent than that of death.

## AFFECTATION AN ENEMY TO BEAUTY.

NO woman can be handsome by the force of features alone, any more than she can be witty only by the help of speech.

Pride destroys all symmetry and grace, and affectation is a more terrible enemy to fine faces than the small-pox.

No woman is capable of being *beautiful*, who is not incapable of being *false*.

And what would be *odious* in a friend, is deformity in a mistress.

From these few principles, thus laid down, it will be easy to prove, that the true art of assisting beauty, consists in embellishing the whole person, by the proper ornaments of virtuous and commendable qualities. By this help alone it is, that those who are the favourite work of nature, or, as *Mr. Dryden* expresses it, the porcelain clay of human kind, become animated, and are in a capacity of exerting their charms : and those who seem to have been neglected by her, like models wrought in haste, are capable in a great measure of finishing what she has left imperfect.

It is, methinks, a low and degrading idea of that sex, which was created to refine the joys, and soften the cares of humanity, by the most agreeable participation, to consider them merely as objects of sight. This is abridging them of their natural extent of power, to put them upon a level with their pictures. How much nobler is the contemplation of beauty heightened by virtue, and commanding our esteem and love, while it draws our observation ? How faint and spiritless are the charms of a coquette, when compared with the real loveliness of *Sophronia's* innocence, piety, good humour, and truth, virtues which add a new softness to her sex, and even beautify her beauty ! That agreeableness, which must otherwise have appeared no longer in the modest virgin, in now preserved in the tender mother, the prudent friend, and the faithful wife. Colours

artfully spread upon the canvass may entertain the eye, but not effect the heart ; and she who takes no care to add to the natural graces of her person any excelling qualities, may be allowed still to assume as a picture, but not to triumph as a beauty.

When *Adam* is introduced by *Milton*, describing *Eve* in Paradise, and relating to the angel the impression he felt upon seeing her at her first creation, he does not represent her like a *Grecian Venus*, by her shape or features, but by the lustre of her mind, which shone in them, and gave them their power of charming :

Grace was in all her steps, Heav'n in her eye,  
In all her gestures dignity and love.

Without this irradiating power, the proudest fair one ought to know, whatever her glass may tell her to the contrary, that her most perfect features are uninformed and dead.

## Anecdote.

ONE day, when the duchess of Brunswick was at Potsdam, Frederick presented count Scheverin, his grand equerry, with a gold snuff box, on the lid of which was painted an ass. The count had no sooner quitted the King, than he sent his servant to Berlin, had the ass taken out, and the portrait of the King put in his place.

The next day at dinner, the count affected to leave his box carelessly on the table, when the King, who wished to amuse the Duchess, at the expense of the grand equerry, spoke of the box he had given him. The duchess desired to see it : it was handed to her : she opened it, and exclaimed, "A perfect ! a most striking likeness ! indeed, brother. I have never seen a better portrait of you ! The King was much embarrassed, and thought the joke was carried too far. The Duchess gave the box to her next neighbour, who expressed equal admiration. Thus the box was handed round the table, and each expressed his approbation of the likeness. The King could not conceive what all this could mean, as he knew nothing of the alteration it had received. At length the box passed under the King's inspection, when he instantly perceived the trick, and could not help laughing.

## THE RICH PLANTER AND SANCHE.

SAID a rich planter to his slave,  
When on his death-bed lying.  
"Sancho, this last request I'd have  
Granted when I'm laid in my grave,  
As now I fear I'm dying,  
That you, for services sincere,  
A faithful honest slave,  
Shall be, whenever life's career,  
Is stopp'd, and you must disappear,  
Laid with me in my grave."

"Ah, massa, no," Sancho replied,  
"Me rader get de money,  
Den me no fear vat ill's betide  
Cause me get freedom on me side,  
Den Sancho no more runny.

De very tought make Sancho shake ;  
Oh ! vat a ting it be,  
For ven de devil comes to take  
My massa, den he make mistake  
And run away vid me."

## THE MUSEUM,

Is published every Saturday, at two dollars per annum, or for 52 numbers, by JAMES ORAM, No. 241 Pearl-Street, New-York. City subscribers to pay one half, and country subscribers the whole, in advance. It is a positive condition, that all letters communications come free of postage.